

The Musical World.

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MARRIAGE OF JENNY LIND.

THE following announcement appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday last, in the American intelligence. It was received by telegraphic despatch, and doubts are entertained as to its authenticity:—

Boston, February 5

"Mdlle. Jenny Lind was married this morning to Otto Goldschmidt the pianist. The matter was conducted with the greatest privacy. The certificate of the marriage was seen by your correspondent.

"The marriage is thus announced in one of the evening papers:—

"BOSTON, Feb. 5.—Married, in this city, at the residence of Mr. S. G. Ward, by the Rev. Charles Mason, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright of New York (the Swedish Consul, the Hon. Edward Everett, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Ward, Mr. N. J. Bowditch, her legal adviser, and other friends being present), Otto Goldschmidt of Hamburg, to Mdlle. Jenny Lind of Stockholm, Sweden."

We trust it is true at last. This is the eleventh time the Nightingale has been married since her visit to the United States; four times to Benedict—a Benedict; four times to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, her present spouse; and thrice to Belletti, a bachelor barytone bass. We are anxious for the happiness of the bird of birds, the singer of songs, and should therefore regret to see her summoned before the offended tribunal as a trigamist, much less—polly. It seems now certain that, saus satisfying Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, or sans a miracle, or sans the ultimate contradiction of the whole of the above, as a libel fabricate for motives Yankee and special, there will be no chance of our hearing the Nightingale sing in the Spring or Summer of the current year, as was fondly anticipated in the Autumn and Winter of the year back, and all this on account of the Yankees. It is infamous—it is a knavery of them.

HERR ANDERS.

Our correspondent at Vienna, or rather his annotator, was mistaken in announcing that this celebrated German tenor, who has created so powerful a sensation in Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, by his performance of Jean of Leyden, in other cities as well as the capital of Austria, was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Gye has secured his services for the Royal Italian Opera, for the forthcoming season.

THE MUSICAL INSTITUTE OF LONDON.

The inauguration of this new society took place on Saturday evening at the rooms in Sackville-street, in presence of a large number of the members. Mr. Hullah, the president for the year, delivered a preliminary address, which set forth at length and with great clearness the plan of the institute, and the purposes for which it has been established. This address embraced a large variety of topics, bearing more or less upon the subject, and was listened to from first to last with undiminished attention and interest. In the course of the evening there was an attractive selection of vocal and instrumental music, including a quartet by Mr. Lodge Ellerton (performed by Messrs. Dando, Watson, Webb, and Lucas); a song by Henry Lawes, to Waller's verses, "While I listen to thy music" (sung by Miss Dolby); Mr. Waley's air, "By the rivers of Babylon" (sung by Mrs. Enderssohn); and a sonata of Sebastian Bach, for piano-forte and violin (executed by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Dando).

(We shall offer, next week, some remarks on this new and much desired institution.)

WINTER MUSICAL EVENINGS.

The second meeting, on Thursday night week, was in many respects highly interesting. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quintet, in A	Mozart
Song, "By Celia's Arbour"	Mendelssohn
Grand trio, C minor, Op.	Silas

PART II.

Songs, "May-day" and "Venice"	Gounod
Piano solo	Silas
Nonetto, in F, Op. 31	Spohr

Executants:—1st violin, M. Sainton; 2nd ditto, Mr. A. Mellon; viola, Mr. Hill; cello, Signor Piatti; C. basso, Mr. Pratten; flute, Signor Briccialdi; oboe, Mr. Nicholson; clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; horn, Mr. C. Harper; bassoon, M. Baumann; pianoforte, M. Silas; vocalist, Mr. Swift.

Mozart's quintet, a work of equal simplicity and beauty, was played to perfection. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the performance of the clarinet part (the principal) by Mr. Lazarus. Mendelssohn's elegant song was gracefully rendered by that rising young vocalist, Mr. Swift, and the *encore* bestowed upon it was well merited. The trio of Mr. Silas is a work of decided merit. Although the influence of Mendelssohn is evident in each movement

—nay, in each phrase of each movement—there is so much cleverness and such abundant evidence of good intention in the whole work that we are delighted to welcome it as the *avant courier* of still better things to come, and what is perhaps more important—as a composition which few living musicians would have been capable of producing. The performance, in which Mr. Silas himself took the pianoforte, M. Sainton, the violin, and Signor Piatti, the violoncello, was irreproachable; and the applause of the audience was warmly and discriminately bestowed. Later in the evening the solo performances of M. Silas were not less successful. He played two pieces—*Amaranth*, a melancholy and rather monotonous romance, in E flat minor, which contains some charming points; and a *romance sans paroles*, in G, *presto*, which, though less musically interesting, and more frequently indebted to Mendelssohn, contains some ingenious and vigorous writing. The *nonetto* of Spohr is a masterpiece of *concertante* writing. Every movement is interesting, since every movement betrays the refined scholar and the musician of genius. Of the two songs of M. Gounod, for which Mr. Swift did his best, the first is a pretty trifle; the second, with its duet accompaniment, and unmeaning modulations, much ado about nothing. The melody is vague, irregular, and unrhythmical, while the accompaniments are chiefly remarkable for an excessive degree of labour and affectation, resulting in an effect singularly disproportionate to the pains employed. It produced no sensation, although M. Silas and Mr. Duggan had the piano.

We recommend Mr. Ella to modify the authoritative tone he assumes in the programmes distributed at these performances. They who invite criticism should leave the duty of the critic to whom it concerns. But Mr. Ella anticipates all that can possibly be said; and in his enthusiasm for his own particular taste and judgment will allow no strictures from those whose office it is to decide upon the merits and demerits of his entertainments. We regret to differ from Mr. Ella on his verdict on musical matters, but we cannot desist from arraigning his estimate of M. Gounod, which is as erroneous in doctrine as it is pompously delivered. In attempting to establish his position by an insignificant argument in reference to the late Mendelssohn, who, whatever Mr. Ella may think, was appreciated from the beginning, in this country, by all competent judges, he lays himself open to the charge of desiring to exaggerate the value of mediocre pretensions to answer purposes of his own. We esteem his endeavours in promoting the true interests of art too greatly, however, to suspect him of any such intention; and it is only because we wish well to Mr. Ella, and the institutions he has founded, that we warn him against the oracular style in which he lets his subscribers and the public into the secret, that no opinion is worth any consideration except his own.

SCRAPS FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL KEPT BY A LOVER OF MUSIC.

A VISIT TO LUBECK.

(Continued from our last.)

Music forms one of the chief delights of the inhabitants of Lubeck, and no "*few people*" ever met here at any house without singing or playing a part of the time of their being together: be it understood not as a fashion, but as a necessity. It is, however, generally so in Germany. No showing off by singing ballads and playing difficult pieces, but almost

always the pianoforte score of an opera or oratorio is taken, and the favourite *morceaux* are read as often at first sight as not. And it may not be out of place here to unbosom my feelings on the subject which every true lover of music must join in, namely, the utmost sorrow and pity against the musical part of the education of young English people of the better classes, or rather more properly *better-off* classes. In England, unfortunately, we can scarcely speak of any musical education of the male part of society, since it seems either that the general business-habits prevent boys from being taught music, their parents or friends considering it as not belonging of necessity to education (the contrary opinion of which is established in Germany); or else, and almost worse—it is perhaps still the continued influence of that most heartless egotist *Chesterfield*, that it is not becoming a gentleman to fiddle himself, and more becoming to him to keep fiddlers for his amusement, as one keeps horses, parrots, and dogs, which leave the young lords of the creation so void of musical notions. As for that musical education which the "*young accomplished lady*" receives, it consists in playing better or worse, as it may happen, a greater or lesser number of brilliant pieces for the piano, and ditto with regard to singing. Would it not be better in all cases to begin, as in Germany, with choral singing—the most pleasing, healthy exercise in which children of the tenderest age may join; as the knowledge of the first and necessary rudiments for it is neither very great or troublesome, and does away with the hours of uninteresting and almost useless pianoforte exercises—strumming, before a pupil can play anything; and then *only* music made for beginners, which, with exceedingly few exceptions, is written like books for children and peasants—dull and stupidly. In singing in parts, the interest and taste for music is developed; and when there is once a feeling for that art—which is the *only* language of the soul, as Schiller says—then let them begin the piano; their study of it then will be no longer that *travaux forces* kind of mind-killing hammering on the piano, which is of no use until the mind and will are *with* it; as the fingers must be directed and inspired by them, would we not else, if what I say is not true, have more good pianists? There are certainly enough that play for many hours each day, without any benefit to their musical taste from it. I might give more evidence of what I advance, but it leads me too fast, and also makes me forget Lubeck. By the way, I cannot help remarking the loveliness of the Lubeck ladies,* who, moreover, have all that charm of a truly German *naïveté*, reminding one of Gretchen in Faust, as Retzsch painted her. The Cathedral contains the celebrated death-dance, by Holbein—a very curious and quaint conception of a number of skeletons forming a dancing circle by taking between each two *Boneis*, an individual from the Emperor down to the beggar, priests, soldiers, merchants, peasants, &c., &c. This odd tableau, both sad and comic, occupies three sides of a chapel. Two pictures of Overbeck, one—the Saviour's ride to Jerusalem; the other—the taking off from the cross—are beautifully painted as regards the mechanical part, but, for a conception and arrangement, are without inspiration, and to me like Onslow's and Lindpainter's music—all is there, but "*le feu sacré*!" The town of Lubeck itself is exceedingly interesting; every house has a gable-end, towering towards the sky. The old Rathhaus (Town-hall) frowning in the midst of town, with the stern look of the middle ages on its gothic brow; the Rathskeller, the wine-caves under it, with

* The amiable and talented Mrs. Macfarren is a native of Lubeck.

its lofty arched vaults, and that peculiar *odeur acre* arising from the underground-atmosphere mixed with the fumes of the golden sparkling Rhine wine, which is drank there *en masse*; the river Trave, with its vessels from all parts of the world, but chiefly Russian, Danish, and Swedish. This altogether forms a goodly old-fashioned whole, so thoroughly of one character and unmixed with anything new, that you may easily fancy yourself two centuries back.

The general character of the inhabitants is so much in keeping with the appearance of their city, that the impression may most likely be more pleasant for a few weeks' visitor than a resident. But I, for one, would prefer the quiet, rather grave and yet gay humour of the Lubeckians to the *materialism* of their only money-loving neighbours, the Hamburgians; the former love music as a divine art, the latter buy it, as a fashion, talk about it, invite musicians to dinner, and patronize them graciously, but do not *love music*. But Lubeck possesses worth more than all the wealth of the whole Olymp of bankers and millionaires, of all the coffee and sugar goods of Hamburg—as Henry Heine has it—in having given birth to the greatest lyric poet of Germany, Emanuel Geibel. A visit to this, at the same time most amiable and unassuming gentlemanly man, will remain for ever with me one of the brightest moments of my life. To know Geibel's poems, is to love him. When I mentioned to him the extraordinary command of form he has in writing for music, and asked him whether he did not compose music himself, he told me that he generally composed his poetry in walking in the fields, and had the habit of humming involuntarily as he walked along, and felt, as it were, a kind of music to it? His head is, phrenologically speaking, one of the most intellectually formed I ever saw, and fully bears out what I heard about him from those who know him intimately, that, besides his extraordinary poetic genius, he excels in everything he undertakes. Geibel spoke with poetic enthusiasm about England, which he seemed to know as well as if he had been living here; about our liberties, our institutions and poets, the works of all whom he has read in the original language. He spoke with so much true feeling about music, that I left him fully suspecting that he must be as well a practical musician as an æsthetic judge. Once more I must repeat that my visit to Lubeck was more interesting to me than that to many of the more fashionable cities in Germany where the *Prophete* and Verdi's operas are known, which, I am glad to say was not the case in Lubeck.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

MONDAY EVENING CONCERT.—MR. D. W. BANKS'S BENEFIT.—We were glad to find our wishes realised—in spite of a most stormy night, Mr. Banks had a very full hall on Monday last. The programme was as varied as pleasing, and as popular as could have been well selected, with here and there a sprinkling of the classical to improve the taste of the many. We were not sorry to see the omission of an overture on the organ this time; instead of which the concert opened with the well known dance-time chorus from Auber's *Gustave*. It is impossible to note each piece separately; we can only enumerate those which received the most marked approval. Miss Shaw sang Curschmann's ballad very well; we wish she could improve her style and manner. Our old favourite, Mrs. Winterbottom, we were glad to hear so cordially welcomed on her re-appearance, in apparently much better health and spirits; her quaint duet with Mr. Delavanti—unaccompanied—told very well. Mrs. Sunderland has a rich powerful voice, but her style retains much of its provincial character and expression—she was warmly received, and encored in both her songs. Mr. Sorge's two

clarinet solos were very beautiful, and cleverly executed; of course with immense applause. Mrs. Winterbottom would have been encored in "Far, far at sea," and all else she had to do, but Mr. Banks had to claim the forbearance of the audience on account of her recent indisposition. Mr. Perring sang the spirited Sicilienne from *Robert le Diable*, with chorus, very sweetly, and was rapturously encored. Here we must remark upon the excellent arrangement of the proprietor of these concerts, in furnishing full programmes, with the words of each piece, at a price within the reach of the humblest, viz., one penny each; and whatever selections from foreign operas are given they are invariably given with an English version, thus enabling the audience so much better to understand and enjoy. Bishop's duet—"Meet again"—was most sweetly given by Mrs. Sunderland and Mrs. Winterbottom. The finale to *Don Giovanni*, which finished the first part, was somewhat confused. It is very creditable on the part of the management to endeavour to furnish music of this high class, but the singers were not well at home together in it, and the organ accompaniment could not possibly realise the effect of the three bands, or make up for the want of orchestral instruments. The Hungarian chorus was very pretty, and well sung. Mrs. Thomas got an encore in "The Minstrel Boy," so did Delavanti in the (to us) new English version of "Non Pin Andrai"—"So Sir Page"—which is very pointed, and full of humour. Delavanti made the most of this, and gave "Simon the Cellarer," on being encored. Perring was recalled in Balfe's ballad, "In this old chair," and gave his own "Maids of merrie England;" Delavanti again in "Johnnie Cope," when he gave "Alistair M'Alister;" the whole ending in the national anthem. On Tuesday, the 17th, The English Glee and Madrigal Party appeared for the first time at our Concert Hall, where, we believe, they created quite a sensation, and were eminently successful. On Saturday, 21st, Bottesini and Sivioli come again to the Free Trade Hall, accompanied by Miss Day (pianiste), Miss Cicely Nott, Herr Reichardt, &c. Monday next the People's or Monday Night Concerts close for the season, being for the benefit of the choir; and the night after Mlle. Caroline Beer takes a benefit at the same place. The hall will then for some time be taken possession of by a party of Equestrians, who will, most likely, remain until Easter. The pantomime still holds its successful career at the Theatre Royal.

LOLA MONTES.

(To the Editor of the New York Herald.)

Mr. Bennett,—I am sure you will not refuse a stranger and that stranger a woman, a little space in your paper, for an appeal to an intelligent and generous community, against unjust and illiberal attacks upon her, intended to prejudice the people against her. I am sure, too, that the good-hearted American people, and of this noble city, will listen to an inoffensive stranger, and protect her against rude and harsh treatment. I know that American gentlemen and ladies will frown on any who is guilty of rude, insulting, and vulgar treatment of a visitor to their free, hospitable, and happy land. I know they will sympathize with a female who seeks to deport herself unobtrusively and becomingly, when she is forced to go into the newspaper to defend herself; and, if she shows she is right, I am confident they will sustain her. Since childhood, when I first came to know of America, my heart yearned to visit it. I read of the tales of suffering encountered by the pilgrims who first came hither. I read of the progress of their noble descendants—of their resistance to British oppression, and of the glorious deeds of Washington, 'peerless amongst peers,' of Jefferson, and Franklin, and Fulton, and Jackson. I studied your institutions, and almy dreams of romance were connected with your happy country.

My career has been one of such vicissitudes and adventure that it almost equals those given in popular works of fiction. I

sometimes look back on my life and wonder,—‘Is this true?’—‘Have I existed?’—‘Do I live?’—or ‘Is it all a dream?’ I have been wild and wayward, but, if I know myself, never wicked. I can appeal to every companion or servant in my whole life, of my own sex, to say if I ever treated them unjustly, unkindly, and, I will add, ungenerously. I have been traduced and slandered, and vilified more, I think than any human being, man or woman, that has lived for a century. If all that is said of me were true—nay, if half of it were true—I ought to be buried alive. The very atrocities attributed to me themselves show their falsehood. At the age of 13 injudicious but well-meaning friends constrained me to an alliance with one much my senior in years, but who had not my affections, who did not seek to win them, and from whom I was obliged to part myself. No one ever accused me of falsehood to my vows of fidelity to him. We were divorced. By that separation I was thrown upon the world friendless, without resources, or any means of support, except my own industry and humble abilities. I was in the East Indies. I went to England, and thence to the Continent, and became, as the only resource for an honourable and virtuous livelihood, an *artiste*, an actress, a *danseuse*. I encountered all those terrible trials incident to a resolution to take care of myself without dependence upon any one. My profession exposed me to the approaches of the licentious—to the slanders of the malicious—to the detraction of the envious. I was defenceless, except in a reliance on my rectitude of purpose and conduct. My enemies—made enemies because I was a proud woman, a self-willed woman, an ambitious woman, if you will, but an honourable woman, who would not become their instruments of wickedness—my enemies, by falsehood, and forgery, and every species of crime, have assailed me, and hunted me throughout Europe and Great Britain, and now pursue me to America; but I defy—I proudly defy—the Jesuit band, and their tribes of tools and instruments, to instance a single act of mine in the course of an eventful life (every day of which can be traced) that is coupled with dishonour. Recently I have been dragged before the public in the New York press, by individuals, in cards and other publications. The object was for them to get before the public. Once I noticed them. I am sorry for it. It has caused a reply totally inexcusable, and more offensive than I supposed the writer had the heart to pen against a defenceless woman. This is all the notice I shall give to the name signed to that assault, so insidiously made. Nor will I further notice any of the persons who have assailed me. Those editors who have given unkind and illiberal notices of me have my forgiveness. I hope no female relations of theirs may ever meet with similar unkindness from any one. The sweetest revenge I can take of all my enemies is to forgive them. It is the prerogative of inoffensiveness; and, thank Heaven! I can exercise it.

But, in relation to some of the statements and insinuations made as to my course in Europe, and my conduct in connexion with certain political events a few years ago on the Continent, it is due to others, as well as to myself, that I should notice some misrepresentations. A book of falsehoods and forgeries, got up by my political enemies at the Court of Bavaria, by a miserable creature who acted as my servant, and who was bribed by the Jesuit faction there, has represented me as occupying in that court a position that I did not occupy. Obscure scribblers in this country have volunteered what they call a defence of me—admitting, of course, the charge made against me—a course that could only have been dictated by the most depraved profligacy, unprincipled hostility, or inexcusable stupidity. I disavow, I repudiate, all these vile defences and their authors. In my professional career as a *danseuse*, having been in Russia, and

being on my way to Vienna, I stopped at Munich. Soon after I received, from an aid of the good old King Louis, an invitation to a Royal audience on the next day. After hesitating some time, I yielded to the solicitation of my friends, accepted the invitation, and had an interview with the King at noon-day. The King treated me with kindness. In a familiar conversation with him about French politics, I gave my opinions pretty freely, and especially in relation to some French editors whom I was acquainted with. Having always been, as I am yet, in the habit of making full notes of public events, men, and movements, I was enabled to be accurate. The King manifested great surprise at some of the information I gave him, and seemed so deeply interested as to ask me to stay in Munich as his guest for a few days. I at first declined, and finally observed—‘Will it not give cause for scandal against your Majesty?’ The King replied—‘No; I have no fear of that.’ I consented to stay a few days, and renewed my conversations with the King several times, on visits to him at his instance. These visits were unceremonious. I talked to the King as I always do to every one, truthfully, frankly, and without concealment. I told him of errors and abuses in his Government. I told him of the perfidy of his Ministers. Honest and unsuspecting, he did not believe it, but I proved it to him. He expressed his gratitude to me. His Queen was my friend. I exposed to him especially the art, duplicity, and villany of his Prime Minister, Baron D’Abel, a Jesuit, who had wormed himself into his confidence. What had I to gain by all this but the establishment of right, and the protection of an honest man from rogues? King Louis was convinced, in spite of all the scandalous fabrications that were circulated, that I was his friend, as I was most truly. For a long time his profligate and faithless counsellors could not imagine whence their betrayed and abused master learned the facts as to their conduct. When they did, what a torrent of scandal and falsehood was opened upon poor me! I was everything that was bad and vile. But they could not injure me with the good old king. The king defended and justified me, and denounced their aspersions and calumnies. One day he told D’Abel, in reply to some observations denouncing me, that ‘She is right; she told me the truth. I will do as she told me.’ D’Abel replied, ‘She is king then?’ ‘Yes,’ said the good old Louis, ‘she is king;’ and this remark, so made, was distorted, reported to the public, and made the theme of the thousand scandalous and ridiculous stories.

In my conduct towards the King I was influenced only by a wish to do good to him and his good subjects, who were both deceived and cheated by a profligate ministry. The people were oppressed by villain ministers, who laid their own bad acts to the king. I discovered that the ministry had one copy of the newspaper published as the government organ printed for his eye, and different copies printed for the people, which he never saw. I exposed this vile deception. I exposed others of the nefarious schemes and conduct of the ministers and courtiers. They not only denounced me as everything that was vile and infamous, but they said I was a Democrat, a Revolutionist, and everything else—that I was a ‘Moorish Countess,’ a Spanish spy, and a French Spy. The king said he would make me a ‘Bavarian’ Countess, and he did make me ‘Countess of Landsfeldt,’ and made me liberal gifts. Knowing his own purity, he did not intend to be bullied by the bad men around him to do me an injustice. They continued their denunciations of me as the ‘Moorish Countess,’ talked of ‘Spanish sway,’ and called my friends the ‘Lolamontane’ party, to distinguish it from the ‘Ultramontane,’ or ministerial party. I entertained liberal views, and was the

advocate of liberal measures then, as I am now; but I am no Socialist nor political revolutionist without cause. The Prime Minister, D'Abel, was determined to drive me away, and he plotted against me; raised all kinds of scandal about me; sent to France, England, the East Indies, and Spain, to get false testimony against me. He represented to the people that I influenced the king to do all kinds of wickedness, and he attributed his own oppressive acts to the king and myself. In all these villainous schemes he failed, till he called in the aid of the Austrian Prime Minister, Prince Metternich. Then they tried to conciliate and soothe me, and bribe me to their purposes. I was offered 4,000,000f., and the title of princess, if I would aid them to controul the king to advance their plans. This I indignantly refused, and immediately exposed their offer to the king. He was astonished and exclaimed, "It cannot be so." I determined to prove it. I agreed upon an interview with Metternich's and D'Abel's agent, Baron Militzhin, in a room, the king being concealed so that he could hear all that passed. He heard the whole. He was convinced of the treachery of those around him, and he dismissed his ministry forthwith. The successor of D'Abel was a Liberal and a Protestant. My course strengthened the king's confidence in me, and augmented the hostility of the Jesuits to both. They sought my life by poison; they sought to assail my reputation by representing my position with the king, and they traduced me to the people, as influencing the king to their injury.

The Jesuits in Munich are a powerful party; though they failed in the attempt upon my life, they did succeed in their slanders against me. An occurrence that took place just at that time aided them. The Radicals in Switzerland had just driven the Jesuits out of the Swiss Confederation. Louis Philippe professed non-intervention as his policy; but, at the very time, Guizot wrote to Metternich, proposing the subjugation and division of Switzerland, and an alliance between France and Austria for that purpose, King Louis of Bavaria was solicited to become a party to this alliance. He told me of it. I spoke my mind fully to the good old king as to these intrigues. I told him it was unjust and infamous. I saw that the Jesuits were the prime movers of the scheme. I begged of him to keep aloof from this alliance of robbers. This caused a renewal of the attacks on me, with increased violence in every way. The populace of Munich were excited against me by the foulest falsehoods, artfully contrived, as the Jesuits well know how to do. They were persuaded I was the enemy of the people, when, as heaven knows, all my ambition was to promote their happiness and wellbeing, and make myself beloved for kind and good acts. A revolution was fomented by the Jesuits, and the good old king was dethroned and exiled. I sympathize with him in his misfortunes, and in his exile, and continue to correspond with him. The king is known as the first *protecteur* of the arts in Europe, he is called the *artiste* King. He is a poet, a painter, a sculptor, and as virtuous and kindhearted a gentleman as lives on earth. This venerable man was slandered with respect to me. I am a poor, weak little woman. I love him as I would love a father. It is not a love that any woman need be ashamed of. I am proud of it. He was my friend, and while I live I shall be his friend. I despise and loathe the miserable wretches who have slandered that kind old man and myself. For the injuries to me I forgive them, and pray that they may be forgiven by all they have injured; but for those to him I invoke God's justice upon them, not his mercy. It will surely overtake them in this world and in the world to come.

I have been deprived, by Jesuit and Austrian power, of my little property, the fruits of hard and laborious study and

incessant exertion, the toil of years, and the gifts of my kind benefactor. I am a poor *danseuse*, dancing for a subsistence. I have been prodigal to a fault. I have learned it was a fault. In my sufferings and exile I have never lost confidence in the justice of Heaven that I shall yet be known rightly to the world, and particularly before the people whom I would have served, for their sake, and for the sake of their amiable old Sovereign. Such a good, and brave, and honest people cannot long be misguided by the bad men who have deceived them. I hope that my simple story, told in my poor way, will be believed by the American gentlemen and ladies. It is true, as I live. I am not the wicked woman you have been told. I have never harmed anyone knowingly. I am not the enemy of a single human being living. I am a humble, unobtrusive, defenceless *danseuse*, in a foreign land, with no relations, and no long-tried, unselfish friend to appeal to, and can only ask a liberal and generous public to credit my simple tale. Can I expect this in vain from the high-souled, free, liberal, and honourable Americans? I do hope, I do trust, they will not chill the heart of a stranger, who wishes kindness to all, by harsh and cruel censure, upon idle reports and rumours. Can I ask of my own sex to speak a gentle word for me, and be refused? I know I have erred in life, often and again—who has not? I have been vain, frivolous, ambitious—proud; but never vicious, never cruel, never unkind. I cannot help it if bad men approach me—if bad men scheme to become acquainted with me, if bad men talk of me—and if bad men seek to make me despise myself. I know but few gentlemen or ladies in America. I obtrude myself on no one. Some I have been forced to know that I wish I had not known; but I have met some warm-hearted and kind people whom I shall remember with gratitude while I live. I have repulsed from my doors all who I have not been assured were worthy, correct, honourable, and respectable gentlemen, and shall persevere in so doing; nor will I associate with fools of my own or the other sex; and I beseech a generous public to sustain me in my efforts to better my fortunes in an honourable profession. I appeal to a liberal press, and to the intelligent gentlemen who control it, to aid me in my exertions to regain the means of an honourable livelihood.

Adieu, kind sir, with thanks for your courtesy, and my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

MARIE DE LANDSFELDTHALD,

(Lola Montes.)

Rue de Chambre, Mercredi, Jan. 14.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

Mr. Stammers, the eager, zealous, and indefatigable caterer for amusements, to whom the public owe so much, and artists no little, gave a benefit concert on Wednesday evening, as a preliminary to a new series of Wednesday Concerts, (sometime announced), to commence on the 3rd March. To give signal *eclat* to his benefit, Mr. Stammers engaged the immortal Braham, who consented to step once more from his calculated retirement and privacy, and sing for the delight of the public, who had listened to his strains for nearly three parts of a century. Mr. Braham is announced to sing six times at the London Wednesday Concert, these to be positively his last performance in public. There is then an opportunity afforded thousands, who have not heard this wonderful singer, to hear him before he retires for ever. The sensation he created on Wednesday night is

incredible. His singing of "The fine Old English Gentleman" was not merely glorious from the purity of style, energy, pathos, and largeness of expression betokened in it, but for the perfect intonation, quality of voice, and power. Indeed, in the last named quality, no tenor of the present day can compete with the immortal veteran. The effect produced after the first verse of the "Fine Old English Gentleman" was prodigious. The whole hall broke out in one tremendous shout which lasted more than a minute, and it was some time before Mr. Braham could proceed with the second verse, which again elicited thunders of applause, and at the end of the last verse an uproarious encore followed from all parts of the hall. From the energy and force displayed in this song, we had our fears that Mr. Braham would not keep up his stamina to the end of the encore, and expected that he would omit some of the verses; but whatever our fears, no such visitations affected Mr. Braham, who, confident in his powers, so far from shirking a single verse, added a political fifth, and preserved his energy indomitable to the last note. We have seldom heard a song from any singer which affected us more, and indeed there was many a moistened eye in the hall, which bore evidence of the influence which the great artist still exercises over the feelings of his auditory. Mr. Braham's other performances were, "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," a verse of "God Save the Queen," a very simple unassuming song of his own composition, called, "I love thee for thy heart alone," and the "Bay of Biscay." Weber's grand scena, written expressly by the composer for Braham more than twenty years ago, served to exhibit the singer's dramatic power and colouring in the most vivid light. The ballad, "I love thee for thy heart alone," was given with point and purpose, words and music going hand in hand together in loving accord, and excited immense applause; while the "Bay of Biscay" created the same *furore* as the "Fine Old English Gentleman," and was encored with the same irresistible enthusiasm. In fine, the great veteran was in greater force than we have heard him for many years, and never, perhaps, in his whole career was received with more profound sympathy and favor. So unprecedented was the effect produced by Mr. Braham in "The Fine Old English Gentleman," that we think it would be advisable to introduce it in all his last performances, and we perceive that Mr. Stammers has announced it for the first concert of his series.

In other respects the concert of Wednesday was interesting. The programme was well varied; the artists, all excellent, some of the first class. A well selected, though small, band played the overture to *Masaniello* with spirit and precision, but Mr. Anschuetz, the popular conductor, taxed their exertions by taking the time considerably too fast. Mr. Swift found the grand scena from the *Sonnambula*, "All is lost now," far above his means; as did Miss Alleyne, "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," from *Oberon*, and Miss Lowe, "Come per me sereno," from *Sonnambula*. Will English singers never learn to know themselves? Is it their fault, or that of their masters that they are always attempting the great and the grand, instead of accomplishing the simple and the beautiful. Miss Alleyne could not have selected, in the whole range of music, a song more unlikely to engage the sympathies of her hearers than "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," which requires the voice and dramatic energy of a Crivelli to give effect to it, and even then would not greatly delight off the stage. As often as we have heard this much lauded and, to our thinking, as a mere vocal composition, over-lauded,

scena sung in a concert room, we have always felt it hang like a dead weight on the feelings of the audience. There is a line of Shakspeare singers would do well to hold up as their motto—viz :—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

This was most satisfactorily evidenced on Wednesday evening in the unanimous encores awarded to Miss Messent, in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," to Miss Rose Braham in "Gin a body meet a body," and to the Misses Wells in the duet "I know a bank." Certainly Miss Messent sang her song most charmingly, but the encores in the other two instances were more than half due to the pieces interpreted. Another attempt at the grand bravura style was displayed in Miss Stabbach's "Ernani involami," which showed excellent tones, much energy, and a nice dramatic feeling. Verdi, taken under the wing of Miss Stabbach, produced a decided effect. Miss Lowe also attempted Donizetti's "Nel silenzio," without taking the audience by storm.

The other vocal performances must be dismissed with a word. Mr. Brandt sang the barcarolle from *Masaniello*, "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," in Italian, without the chorus; Miss Rose Braham gave "Where the bee sucks;" Mr. Brandt introduced "My pretty Jane," also in the vernacular, and Handel's "Sound an alarm," ditto; Miss Alleyne warbled most deliciously, "Bid me discourse," to which sort of music we pray her to adhere, and her name will be established; and Mr. Swift sang Balfe's "In this old chair," with much expression.

Miss Arabella Goddard produced an immense sensation in Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, and was encored in a hurricane of applause, when she repeated the same composer's *Don Pasquale* serenade. Mr. Richardson was announced, but could not appear, in consequence of a command to appear at Buckingham Palace. Mr. Sonnenberg supplied his place in a clarinet solo, and Mr. Richardson's flute solo was not missed. Mr. Sonnenberg played very finely. Mons. Lavigne, the celebrated oboist, first of Her Majesty's theatre, was loudly applauded, in a solo of his own composition; and Mons. Prosperé received the like compliment under similar circumstances.

In addition to the overture to *Masaniello*, the band played the overture to *Zampa*, and the "Wedding March," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The Hall was full, but not crammed to suffocation.

Foreign.

VIENNA.—Mr. John Thomas, professor at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, and Solo Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, gave a *matinée* in the Saloon of Mr. Streicher, the well known pianoforte manufacturer here. Mr. Thomas's excellent and artistic style of performance was universally appreciated; seeing that our first *dilettanti* and the most *distingue* of the noblesse graced by their presence this delightful *matinée*. Mr. Thomas played two fantasias, by Parish-Alvars, and another solo of his own, entitled "Der Frühling," as well as a duet for harp and piano, by Labarre, with Madame Streicher. In these several compositions, the concert giver developed a rare talent (*Virtuositat*). His clear and distinct execution, a happy mode of modulating and accentuation, and great facility in the use of the pedals, produced various, novel, and charming effects. The audience

seemed generally impressed with Mr. Thomas's brilliant attainments, and bestowed their applause unreservedly. Madame Streicher, in a great degree, shared the general approbation bestowed on Mr. Thomas. A lied by the Earl of Westmoreland, and another by Mr. Thomas, were beautifully sung by Herr Staudigl. As a composer, Mr. Thomas is entitled to favorable mention. With more experience we predict for him a honourable position in the musical world.—(*Wiener Zeitung*, February 2.)

DEAR EDITOR,—Having extracted the above for your notice, permit me to add a few words in praise of our excellent Ambassador, at the Court of Vienna, for no sooner had our young countryman presented himself, than he was most courteously admitted into his Lordship's mansion, and family circle. Through the Earl of Westmoreland's interest and influence, Mr. Thomas's name became speedily known in the "haute volée," and thereby secured for him an advantageous concert. Mr. Thomas had brought no harp with him from London, and none could be had on hire in Vienna. From this predicament the young and amiable Princess Esterhazy extricated him, and Mr. Thomas was indebted to Her Highness for the loan of an excellent harp. Mr. Thomas intends returning to London early in March via Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, &c., to resume his professional duties.

Yours truly, A. Z.

DRESDEN—(*From a Correspondent*)—A new opera has been produced here from the pen of a young and untried composer—M. Pabst, entitled *The Last Days of Pompeii*. M. Pabst had to combat against the recollections of Paccini's work of the same name, but written to a totally different book. M. Pabst took his story from Lytton Bulwer's novel, and here again he stood on difficult ground, and had to contend with dangerous reminiscences. The opera, nevertheless, has been well received, and contains some very pretty melodies, and shows a nice feeling for instrumentation. I was sorry not to find M. Reichart among the executants. With his powerful and telling voice, and his manly style, he would have proved an undoubted acquisition to the cast. M. Reichart is a great favourite. He made his *debut* as Count Almaviva, in the *Barber of Seville*, and subsequently appeared as Tamino in the *Zauberflöte*. The first exhibited his florid capabilities and choice phrasing, the latter his correct style and pure taste. In both of these characters he created a decided sensation, and I have not heard a singer here for many years, who could so thoroughly and satisfactorily interpret the two very opposite styles of Rossini and Mozart. M. Reichart leaves Dresden for London in a few days, where he has an engagement; but I learn that he is likely to return in March, to sing with Madame Sontag, who is engaged for the opera. A young lady—Demoiselle Burg—made a favourable first appearance as the Queen of Night in the *Zauberflöte*. She is, or was, a pupil of Mr. Garcia's, and possesses decided talent.

PETERSBURGH.—The benefit of Grisi and Mario was a regular ovation. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*. The "incomparable pair" were called on the stage no less than twenty times in the course of the performance. After the opera the Emperor presented Grisi with a Cashmere shawl, worth 4000 rubles (about £800), a tiara of pearls and diamonds, and a ring of immense value.

Mr. H. C. COOPER, the violinist, has returned to London from Bristol, for the season.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREE'S.

The second of these classical entertainments took place on Thursday night. The rooms were crowded. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.—FIRST PART.

Sonata in A minor (Op. 23, No. 1), for Pianoforte and Violin, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Blagrove	Beethoven.
Song, "The Garland," Mr. Swift	Mendelssohn.
Prelude and Fugue	Bach.
Sonata, Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper	Scarlatti.
Song, "If o'er the boundless sky," Miss Ransford	Molique.
Allegro di Bravura, "La Forza," (Op. 51), Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper	Moscheles.

PART SECOND.

Trio in F major (Op. 80), for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Rousselot	R. Schumann.
Song of France, No. 6, "Venice," Mr. Swift	Gounod.
Songs, "Musing on the roaring Ocean," and "Gentle Zephyr," Miss Ransford	W. S. Bennett.
Selections from the "Lieder ohne Worte, Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper	Mendelssohn.
No. 2, Book 1, in a minor. No. 4, Book 3, in A major. No. 3, Book 3, in F major.	

The Vocal Music accompanied by Mr. Frank Mori.

The sonata by Beethoven was finely played by both artists. The prelude and fugue of Bach, grave and stately; the sonata of Scarlatti (from a Spanish set of 12, very little known), quaint and spirited; the *allegro* of Moscheles, elaborate and difficult; the *lieder* of Mendelssohn, cabinet pictures, were all equally well played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who excels not less in style than in mechanism, and who adapts his playing with great skill to the character of the music he is interpreting. Of Schumann's trio we have at present no opinion to offer. Its performance by no means did it justice. We believe, indeed, it had never been rehearsed. We have no great hopes of it notwithstanding.

Miss Ransford sang the little gem of Molique, and Sterndale Bennett's charming songs in her own agreeable and unaffected manner. Mr. Swift deserves every praise for the style in which he gave the "Garland" of Mendelssohn, and is not to be blamed for being unable to make any effect out of the strange inspiration of M. Gounod—"Songs of France, No. 6, Venice,"—the chief labour in which devolved upon the two gentlemen at the pianoforte—Messrs. Frank Mori and Lindsay Sloper, who devoted much pains to the attainment of the impossible.

Reviews of Music.

- No. 1, "OH! THOU GENTLE SUMMER AIR"—Words translated from the Moorish by Lady Bulwer—Composed by Angelina—Jullien and Co.
- No. 2, "I SIT IN MY SORROW ALL ALONE"—From 'Songs of the Exile'—Written by J. K. Hervey—Composed by Mrs. Frances Herrick—Hale and Son, Cheltenham.
- No. 3, "L'INVITO SULLA LAGUNA"—Duetting, Posto in Musica—P. Pergetti—Charles and Robert Ollivier.
- No. 4, "IL GIGLIO"—Canto d'un Orfana per voce di Contralto—Parole di V. Meini—Musica di F. Ronconi—C. Lonsdale.
- No. 5, "MAI NON VIDI"—Duetting—Parole da Manfredo Maggioni—Composta da D. F. Crivelli—Published by the Author.
- No. 6, "THE BELLS OF NEW YORK"—Song—Henry Phillips—Addison and Hollier.
- No. 7, "THE CALM BROW"—From a Selection of the Melodies of Scotland by W. H. Bellamy—Symphony and accompaniment by Andrew Thomson—Campbell, Ransford and Co.

No. 1, "Oh! thou gentle summer air," like everything that proceeds from Miss Angelina, offers traits which distinguish it from the compositions of ordinary thinkers. It is in the bolero style, quaint, tuneful, and piquantly expressive of the sentiment of the poetry, which the Lady of Bulwer has bravely traduced from the Moorish. It may be as well to mention, however, which we do with deference, that the prevalent figure of four notes, developed with so much taste and ingenuity, both in the voice part and accompaniment, bears a strong resemblance to similar figures which has so pleasing a monotony in one of the most striking pieces of Felicien David's *Desert*. This said, we have no more to say, but to recommend the song as a gem in its way, which would have done very well without Mr. Brandard's lithograph of a handsome cavalier, on a discoloured pony, turning back his head and applying the tip of the middle finger of his sinister hand to a doubtful moustache, intending thereby, if we may judge from the back-ground, to waft a kiss to a lady stationed in a balcony, and "looking intensely nowhere without the aid of an eye-glass"

The words of No. 2, "I sit in my sorrow all alone," are lyrical and excellent. The music of Mrs. Herrick, without being strikingly original, is exceedingly pleasing and correct to a nicety.

No. 3, "L'Invito su la Laguna," is smooth, insipid, in thirds and sixths, in A flat, independent of consecutive octaves, six-fours, dissonant intervals and ninths, sufficiently vocal for all that, and all said that need be said.

No. 4, "Il Giglio," is the song of an orphan, addressed to the renowned Alboni, whose ears are never shut to the appeals of the unfortunate. It is to be hoped then she may regard the poverty of ideas displayed in "Giglio," not as a crime, but as a misfortune, and by the bounty of her wealthy tones, enlist public sympathy in its behalf. So may the composer be relieved. He is worth a helping hand, since the accompaniments evince the care and forethought of a musician.

No. 5, "Duetto," is one of the too rare contributions to the library of the vocalist, from a gentleman who stands in the highest rank of European professors of the art of singing. "Why does not Signor Crivelli compose more since he composes so well?" would be the natural question of any one who may examine this charming and well-written duet, which, in the midst of its careful and professor-like finish, betrays a vein of melody and a feeling for vocal effect that is rarely met with now-a-days, except from the veritable doctors of the art. The style of this duettino is bolero. The first part, in G minor, is full of character, and nothing can be more easy and graceful than the coda in the major which so pleasantly relieves it from monotony. We recommend this composition of the celebrated vocal maestro to our concert singers, one and all.

In No. 6, "The Bells of New York," Mr. Henry Phillips, the famous vocalist, displays a good ear for bells, and from the manner in which he has pricked down the bells of New York, it may be gathered that Yankee bells are much in common with bells in common. But Mr. Henry Phillips did not hang up the chimes transatlantic on the pegs of his memory without an ulterior object. He has taken them down to make them fit as accompaniments to a tune and lyric of his own invention, which illustrate melodiously and rhythmically the emotions raised by the Bells of New York, as they are "heard floating on the waters that roll from the sea," telling of "the fights that have fled," &c. We recommend these Bells to lovers of bells indiscriminately as good bells of their tongues; Mr. Henry Phillips' lyric as a good lyric of its rhythm; and the tune as a good tune of its bars.

In No. 7, "The Calm Brow," Mr. Thomson has stepped fearlessly and with a calm brow into the province of Scotch tune with its concomitants of plagal cadence and dotted notes. The tune on the present occasion is the pretty one of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," of which in its way we know few briar (*brio*) or bonnier. The words of Mr. Belamy are exceedingly graceful and unaffected, and Mr. Thomson shows his usual taste in the accompaniments.

The song is altogether a welcome addition to this excellent and varied selection from the treasures of Caledonian melody.

"EVELINE."—Written by R. V. Sankey.—Composed by George Barker.—Lee and Coxhead, Albemarle Street.

This ballad carries with it a certain interest from the fact of its author having composed several plaintive songs of a similar character. Being of a domestic nature, also, it may lay claim to additional value; and the peculiar manner in which it is treated will doubtless render it a favourite with all who prefer Mr. Barker's homely style of composition. "Eveline" may be ranked amongst Mr. Barker's most creditable productions. The words are in good keeping, and do not betray the mawkishness too commonly apparent in sentimental songs of the present day.

No. 1, "DIE FAHNENWACH"—Fantaise pour le violon—Prosper Sainton. Schott and Co.

No. 2, "BEL RAGGIO DI LUNA"—Romance de l'opera "Il Torneo,"—Constance Geiger. Charles Hastings, Vienna.

No. 3, "THREE DIVERTIMENTOS"—L'Allegrezza—Andante a la Capella—La Festa Villanella—Robert Barnett. Addison and Hollier—Leader and Cock.

No. 4, "INTRODUCTION AND VARIATIONS ON FORDE'S MADRIGAL,"—Since first I saw your face!—Robert Barnett—Addison and Hollier—Leader and Cock.

No. 5, "MARIE"—Etude—Adrien Taléxy. Jullien and Co.

No. 6, "PREMIER NOCTURNE POUR LE PIANO"—Adrien Taléxy. Jullien and Co.

No. 7, "BEATRICE DI TENDA"—Morceau de Salon—W. E. Jarrett. Wessel and Co.

By repeated performances in public, M. Sainton has rendered his fantasia on Lindpaintner's air, "Die Fahnenwach" (the Standard Bearer), as popular as Herr Fischek, by repeated singing, has rendered the air of Lindpaintner. So well known indeed is the piece, that it is unnecessary to enter into a detailed analysis. Suffice it, after a large and effective introduction, in D minor, the air is introduced in its proper key without ornament. The four variations, the last of which is an expressive slow movement, chiefly on the fourth string, and the second an elaborate display of double stopping, are all brilliant and highly effective. The finale, a lively and sparkling rondo, is admirably written for the instrument, and skillfully constructed upon the harmony of the theme. The coda, beginning from the *poco più mosso*, is enormously difficult, but will serve advanced performers as a useful and admirable exercise. This fantasia, like all M. Sainton's solos, taxes the mechanical powers egregiously, but its practice will amply repay the time bestowed upon it.

No. 2—a romance, in the form of a reverie, has for theme an elegant cantabile from the Earl of Westmoreland's opera *Il Torneo*.* It is arranged a la Thalberg, and is very trying to the performer, who must play octaves like anything, and skip like nothing, in order to get finger of it. It is correctly written, however, and creditable to its young and promising composer, Mdlle. Constance Geiger, who, it will hardly be forgotten, paid London last year a professional visit in company with her father, the composer.

Mr. Robert Barnett, author of Nos. 3 and 4, makes his appearance much too rarely in the arena for composition. His talent is well known and acknowledged in the musical world; but he publishes so seldom, that the general public is hardly aware of the stuff that is in him. The three divertimentos, and the introduction and variations, Nos. 3 and 4, are, however, favourable specimens of his talent, and will be read with pleasure by every musician, and with profit by every learner. They are not only good pieces of sensible music, but excellent studies, and being all in different styles, their value becomes manifold. The first of the divertimentos, "l'Allegrezza," is a short, brilliant movement in D, something in the form of Scarlatti's allegros, an excellent exercise for loosening the fingers, and demanding vigorous fingering in both hands. No. 2, "Andante a la capella," in F, is a more regular composition, and more ambitious. It consists of

* Published at Boosey's.

two parts, a slow *religioso*, written in two, three, and four parts, with great freedom. The episode which follows the passage marked, *con affetto*, is charming, especially the bit in two parts, in A minor, which brings us back, by an interrupted cadence, to the key of F.

The second movement, *moderato*, in the minor key, is a good bit of Scarlatti two-part writing, rather pedantic however. In the episode to this "con dolore," we find the modulations rather labored, and are not sorry when, the enharmonic transition to E being abandoned, we are brought back, by a bold progression, which, with some modifications, some judicious curtailments, and the beautiful little episode in two parts, introduce this time, in D minor, through the means of another enharmonic transition, to which strict harmonists will possibly object (page 6, line 4, bars 3, 4), concludes the morceau in a highly satisfactory manner.

The third divertimento, "La Festa Vilanella," an allegro moderato, is termed a rondo in the Scotch style. It is a piquant and skillfully-written movement, which shows the composer's head and heart to have been filled with Scarlatti while projecting it. It is original, nevertheless, and among other desirable qualities displays that of continuity in a remarkable degree. The key is A major. The first theme has a touch of the Scotch reel about it. The second motive is novel, both in the manner of its introduction, and from its peculiar melodic character. On the whole, this is the most mastery of the three divertimentos, and makes us really desirous of making further acquaintance with Mr. Robert Barnett's compositions.

The "Air with Variations" begins with an introduction which leads us to anticipate "Charlie is my darling" for the theme; but in the fourth line a passage in the key of F, with triplets in the bass, *a la Cramer*, clearly suggests the exquisite melody of Forde's Madrigal (1629, as the programmes say), which Mr. Robert Barnett has judiciously given with the beautiful harmonies of the original. The first variation is *a la Cramer*, with inner part, the melody being preserved entire, its quaint prolongation of cadence and all—an excellent study of the *legato*. The second variation is *a la Cramer*, with the melody given by the right hand in full harmony, accompanied by the left hand in triplets and octaves—also an admirable study in its way. The third variation is *a la Cramer*, the melody being divided between the hands, with florid passages interspersed—another good study. The fourth is a variation *a la Cramer*, in the florid and ornamental style, fragments of the melody being occasionally given to the right hand to preserve the suggestion of the theme, while the progressions of harmony are strictly maintained. In the fifth variation, which is *a la Cramer*, the key is changed to B flat, that of D, the original of the Madrigal, having been preserved through the four preceding variations. It is an *andante legato*, with a flow of parts in a style which seems to be completely at Mr. Barnett's command—an equally good and useful exercise. In the finale a more elaborate style is attempted. The key of D minor is resumed in the opening, and a fragment of the subject treated *a la fugato* for a page. This, in our opinion, is the weakest part of the whole, although doubtless it cost Mr. Barnett the most trouble. That part of the finale which pleases us the most is what may be called the coda, after the *fugato*, beginning on the dominant of F, page 9, in which fragments of the *motivo* are accompanied by florid passages in semiquavers. On the whole, however, this finale is much too fragmentary, modulates a little too often, considering its length, and, in short, does not hang so well together as any other part of the composition.

We should recommend these pieces of Mr. Robert Barnett strongly if only for one peculiarity which they possess, viz., that, though ambitiously written, they are not parodies of Mendelssohn. A touch of the Dussek, Clementi, Cramer school is really quite refreshing nowadays.

The compositions of M. Talex, Nos. 5 and 6, have really no characteristic by which we could attempt to separate them from the daily outpourings of the Rosellen school, which is built upon a foundation of Henri Herz and water, a very little of Henri Herz, and a very great deal of water. The first is a kind of Mazourka, prefaced by a series of passages in octaves, in the key of E flat.

The second is a Notturmo in F major, tender, flowing and sentimental, as notturnos should be, to please young ladies with light fingers. As show pieces, with more display than difficulty, both can be recommended; but as music they have little claim to notice.

Here is Mr. W. E. Jarrett, with no reputation beyond his own immediate circle, where he is acknowledged to be a good musician, and a graceful composer of bagatelles, at least equalling M. Talex, who enjoys an European reputation, thanks to the music publishers, on his own ground, and concocting, out of some of the few catchable cabalettas in *Beatrice di Tenda*, as likely a school piece as might be desired on a summer day, when detained in the house *à rebrousse poil*. But Mr. Jarrett, being an Englishman, cannot of course be as attractive, or administer as much pleasing recreation within the charmed circle of the drawing-room as M. Talex, who is a Frenchman, or some other man, but not an Englishman. Nevertheless, we, as an Englishman, recommend the "Morceau de Salon" of Englishman W. E. Jarrett as a good *Morceau* of its motives, and a good piece of its passages, worthy of being played either after or before a vast number of fantasies which are likely to be played more frequently.

"AN AGED DAME OF CORNISH FAME"—Song of the Cornish Fish-Wife—Written by Richard March—Composed and arranged by S. Nelson Lee and Coxhead.

The poetry involves a quaint legend quaintly versified. Our readers have already heard or read, how Mary Callinack, the old woman of eighty, from Cornwall, walked on foot from the Landsend to London, without a lift, and saw the World's Great Fair, and held converse with Her Gracious Majesty, who sent her back with shillings and free of passage by steam; and how all England wondered and praised thereat. This fact Mr. March has very happily, clearly, and pointedly illustrated in suitable lines, which have been so striking as to present Mr. Braund with suggestions for a vivid lithographic delineation, on the frontispiece, of the meeting between the Cornish Wife and Her Majesty and Prince Albert, near the gates of the Crystal Palace, fronting the Kensington Road. The drawing is good, the likeness of Prince Albert being unmistakable. Mr. Nelson's tune is homely and catching, and fitly wedded to the words. We have no doubt that this song, when it becomes known, will circulate freely, especially in the neighbourhood of Cornwall and the Landsend, where the friends and admirers of Mary Callinack reside.

Original Correspondence.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—There is one portion of the report just issued by the Sacred Harmonic Society, which must be noticed with great regret by every well-wisher; namely, the evidently fixed determination of the committee to allow no one but those who retire from office to be re-elected. Why should this be? If the prosperous financial statement is obtained by proper means, and all its management in its ramifications is upright and fair, ought they not to be glad to show to the members such a kindly feeling as may tend to heal the breach that now exists in the Society, and place on the committee of management some of its firmest friends, instead of causing the word clique to be so freely used by those who dislike to see a body having office, determined by every means to retain it. Depend upon it Sir, this is the beginning of evil. The time is now gone by for allowing the rulers of a public society to remain in office without change; all experience shews that determined opposition to gentlemen, such as those who disapprove of the way in which the Sacred Harmonic Society is managed, will end in disruption and dissolution. Few can be trusted constantly with power, the very construction of the human mind evidences that it produces incipient tyranny, even though the individuals themselves

may not be sensible of it, and while moderation in opposition is in most cases wise, the positive resistance shewn and the language used to the dissentients at the last annual meeting, was as impolitic as unjust. If all is well within, let the committee be conciliating to those who propose the infusion of new blood, and all may yet be well.

I could say what is objectionable in the management of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but prefer taking up the principle of mutual conciliation first, as it should ever be the characteristic of those who are empowered to rule and manage public bodies.

Surely, sir, if any body of men should live in peace and amity, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society is the one, having prosperity as to funds and much without to gratify them in their progress. Nothing of this kind will, however, compensate for an absence of that mutual good will, so essential to its permanent security. I hope yet there will soon be an end to that dogged resistance to those who have the interest of the society at heart, and who know well such resistance, if persisted in, will produce the most disastrous results.

Trusting to your known kindness for the insertion of these few remarks,

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

Feb. 18, 1852.

BREVE.

ARE THERE TWO THOMAS'S IN THE FIELD?

(To the Editor of the Musical World)

SIR,—In your Journal for 14th February, you have the following under the head "Foreign:—" "Mr. Thomas, Professor in the London Academy of Music, and Solo Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, whose performances have excited great applause, will leave in a few days &c."

May I beg the favor of your saying in your next the date of that letter from Vienna, as I was under the impression that Mr. Thomas was in this country (Scotland), at least I saw Mr. T. ap Thomas, Harpist, advertised to play in Glasgow, I think, a short time since. My object is to ascertain whether there are two gentlemen, both Harpists, of the same name. You will perhaps be able to settle this.

Begging you will excuse this trouble, I am, Sir,

Yours most truly,

COR. ANGLAIS.

[We are unable to answer our Correspondent's question.—ED.]

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Although the opening of this theatre has taken us somewhat by surprise this year, and we are almost inclined to look upon this sudden irruption of Mr. Mitchell's as a sly stroke of satire on the threatened invasion; there was, however, no appearance of hurry or incompleteness either in the company, selection of pieces, or general excellence of the performance which inaugurated the commencement of this season of 1852 on Monday last. Indeed we do not remember any previous campaign's opening under more auspicious circumstances. Two new pieces, and two old favorite actors, constitute a remarkably good commencement; the actors were as a matter of course received with open arms, and the success of the pieces was little short of triumphant. The first of these novelties is entitled *La Pension Alimentaire*. It is a little comedy vaudeville, in two acts, in which Lafont plays the part of a scamp, verging on forty, one of those students of the twentieth year, one of those *pilliers d'estaminet*, one of those heroes of the Jardin Mobile and La Chaumière so dear to the *habitués* of the Vaudeville, Variétés and Palais Royal. This model man of our modern vaudevilles, this new edition of the no-headed, good-hearted, rollicking scamp, is called Achille Dubriand; he is rescued from his creditors by his relations, who pay the interest of his debts, and allow him

a pension for his maintenance. Achille makes himself quite at home at his pavilion in the garden, where he is joined by an old friend, Oscar Dumoulin, who tumbles on him over the garden wall in full flight from the sheriff's officers. We also make the acquaintance of two female cousins, the one young and pretty, the other rather the worse for age, with mysterious antecedents. With the assistance of the elder lady, Oscar works the overthrow of the wealthy cousin, and winds up his career, and the piece by marrying his pretty cousin, who is the rightful possessor of the property. Lafont's portraiture of the good hearted scamp is peculiarly interesting, the good points of the *mauvais sujet* are brought out with consummate skill, and our interest is enlisted in his behalf in spite of our better judgment; whilst his occasional infringement of good taste, in the shape of card-playing, pipe smoking, and a profuse consumption of *petits verres*, is smoothed down by the excellent tact of the comedian, and by the tact of the comedian these errors of taste are any thing but offensive. The part of Oscar Dumoulin was well played by M. Armand, and that of Saint Alban by M. St. Marie. Mlle. Edith made a very pretty *ingenue*. The great card of the evening was, however, the re-appearance of Mademoiselle Dejazet, after an absence of some six years from the London stage. Curiosity was on the tip-toe of expectation; doubts were audibly expressed as to the possibility of her having retained all her former powers, and the universal feeling was one of kind indulgence and regard for past services. This feeling did not, however, last beyond the first scene, in which the actress proved that pity was not necessary, and that all she required was a fair field and no favour. The piece chosen for Mlle. Dejazet's *début* was *Le Marquis de Lauzun*. We shall say nothing of the composition, which is equal to the average of such productions written on purpose to bring out the talents of some particular actor. We shall merely state that it may fairly rank with others of the same stamp, such as *La Fille de Dominique*, *Gentil Bernard*, &c., &c., in which Mlle. Dejazet has already appeared on the London stage. Neither do we affirm that Mlle. Dejazet's idea of a marquis is quite the correct one, either as regards costume, or deportment, or language. What is more important is that it is essentially amusing, and full of vivacity, and never flags for an instant. In the first scene she appears in a travelling dress; in the second in the character of a law student and savant; in the third as a huntsman; in the fourth as a timid young man—vulgarly, a spooney; in the fifth as the brilliant, elegant nobleman, dressed in the extreme of fashion. In all these metamorphoses Mlle. Dejazet displayed the most untiring energy; neither did she betray the least sign of fatigue in the numerous ariettes with which the vaudeville is interspersed. Her voice is as fresh as ever, and her intonation faultless. In short, we came away with the conviction that Mlle. Dejazet is the same as she was when we last saw her. We do not now feel called upon to judge of the merits of this extraordinary woman. The only question is whether she is now equal to her past reputation; our answer is that she is, in every respect. The applause was frequent and enthusiastic from a crowded house, and Mlle. Dejazet was recalled at the conclusion of the piece. The other parts were sustained by Mademoiselles Edith and Thibaut, and Messieurs Tourillon, Tourtoise and Armand. Between the pieces, "God save the Queen" was sung by Mes Messent and Mr. Lee. The house was crowded, and we trust that the public will respond to the liberality of the enterprising manager.

J. DE C—.

DRURY LANE.—The misfortunes of an old gentleman, who is particularly anxious to quit London by the Croydon train, but who is perpetually interrupted by a number of domestic squabbles, form the subject of a farce produced on Monday night, under the title of *Too Late for the Train*. There is some practical fun in the situations, but the piece is of too slight a texture to satisfy an audience whose imaginations are expanded by the dimensions of a large theatre, and as, moreover, there was no great histrionic force to support it, the applause it received was not exactly enthusiastic.

HAYMARKET.—On Saturday evening a new and original five-act play was produced, called *Woman's Heart*, when Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff made their first appearance at this theatre for several years. The play also obtained the services of Mr. Barry Sullivan, whose Hamlet has been so favourably noticed by the critics.

Woman's Heart is a drama of pretensions. It is written with much poetical feeling and colouring, and betrays a pretty knowledge of the ebbs and flows that make up the unrest of a woman's bosom. There is also an amount of skill in the development of one or two of the characters, which indicate no mean acquaintance with dramatic art; while over all a delicate veil is drawn, which wins its way irresistibly to the heart. For the rest our praise must be scant. The play is badly constructed, and the parts hang loosely together—with the exception of the two first acts, which promise great things and are more than satisfactory—and there is scarcely an attempt made to offer more than an outline of all the characters, two excepted, which figure in it. The language, always poetical and occasionally forcible and vivid, abounds in truisms. Circumstances are repeated twice or three times, the iteration of which tends not to advance the plot; and characters are brought on the scene that have neither business nor avocation there. These deficiencies were sensibly felt, especially in the two last acts, and imperilled the success of the piece, which, however, sailed onward to the haven of triumph, wafted thither by the admirable acting of Miss Vandenhoff, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and Mr. Vandenhoff.

The story is that of a girl, Isolina, (Miss Vandenhoff), who was left in childhood, her name and parentage unknown, to the care of a poor shepherd (Mr. Rogers). Isolina was born blind, and is brought up with Angiolo (Mr. Barry Sullivan), the son of Isolina's protector. Angiolo is a genius, and prosecutes the arts of sculpture and painting with emulation and profit. He falls in love with his blind playmate, or rather mind-mate, and she in return, gives her whole soul to Angiolo. The Prince (Mr. Howe), a patron of the fine arts, hears of the excellence of Angiolo's workmanship, pays him a visit, and struck with his talents, invites him to the palace to live with him. Ambition now seizes on Angiolo, even to the annihilation of his love. He goes to the Prince, and becomes a great man. Senators affect his company, young lords copy his gait and manner; he becomes the observed of all observers. Poor Isolina! With instinct, only possessed by those deficient in some one sense, she has foreseen Angiolo's coldness and neglect. She makes a last effort to recall his lost love; goes to his palace, and appeals to him with heartfelt eloquence. All in vain. Ambition, the adder, has strangled affection, the dove, in his breast. To do Angiolo justice, his repulse of Isolina is caused by no mean mercenary motives. Not because he is great and she is small does he cast her aside. Ambition only rages in his breast, and fills the place of every other feeling. He offers Isolina to share his splendor and wealth—as his sister. This Isolina rejects with indignation, and heart-broken retires, and falls fainting on the steps of the mansion of the Marquis Albrizzi (Mr. Vandenhoff). The Marquis arrives,

sees Isolina in her forlorn state, is moved to compassion in her behalf, and ultimately finds she is his only child, lost in infancy. Two years pass between the second and third acts. Isolina is the acknowledged heir of the noble and wealthy house of Albrizzi. Medical science has opened her eyes to the light. She is no longer blind. Suitors fall at her feet and demand her hand. The Prince himself comes a-wooing. True to her early love, she refuses all offers. Angiolo still reigns supreme in her breast. Her father taxes her with her repeated denials to her lovers. Isolina tells him all. The father is outrageous that a plebeian should have won his daughter's love. He had invited the most famous painter of the city to come that day to take his daughter's likeness. Should it be he? What's to be done? A good thought! Isolina has never seen Angiolo. Should he not speak, she must fail to recognise him. Angiolo, on his part, cannot see in the proud, high-born maiden, with eyes of fire and magnificently attired, his poor, blind, simple-clad playfellow. He must engage her also to be silent. Accordingly Isolina and Angiolo are brought together, each bound to preserve a strict silence. This scene is very interesting and novel, and is also well contrived. Angiolo is struck with the likeness of the lady before him to his lost Isolina, whom he now laments, the phantasms of his ambition having long past away, and Isolina feels some unaccountable sensation at the sight of Angiolo—all exceedingly natural when it is expected. While the pair are thus piteously pight, a warrant comes in for the arrest of Angiolo—brought about by the machinations of one Zelamino (Mr. Stuart), the villain of the piece, who feels himself aggrieved, for that he has been slighted by Julia (Miss Vining), who transfers her love to the young artist—and Isolina discovers Angiolo in the exclamation uttered when he is apprehended. She faints, and the curtain falls. From this point the story flags. The *denouement*, which brings Isolina and Angiolo to happiness, and converts the Marquis's wrath to concession, is not satisfactorily brought about. The two last acts might be abridged into one with advantage.

The acting throughout was admirable. Miss Vandenhoff's acquirements are of a high order. She possesses great feeling and discrimination, and has power enough for any tragic part short of the highest and most exacting. A little less formality of manner and expression, perhaps, would not be objectionable. Miss Vandenhoff was received throughout with distinguished favour.

Mr. Barry Sullivan made a first-rate lover, and looked as youthful and becoming as eye might desire. We liked him exceedingly in his character, and could have wished his part was not nullified, to a certain degree, in the last act, when he had little or nothing to do.

The grave and sombre talent of Mr. Vandenhoff was well displayed in the part of the Marquis, hardly important enough, however, for the actor; and Mr. Stuart and Mr. Howe were both up to the mark in their assumptions.

The most interesting feature of the evening was the announcement by Mr. Vandenhoff, that Miss Vandenhoff was author of the piece. This declaration threw the audience into raptures, and appeased the most ill-natured of the critics. The fair authoress was recalled and received tumultuously, and the piece was announced for repetition three times a-week.

ADELPHI.—We all know how frequently nice, pretty, *grisette*-looking service-maids ask their mistresses whether they "may just step round the corner for a little thread," or some trifling article or other—the trifling article being in reality six feet of humanity in the shape of a Lifeguardsman,

or five feet ten of ditto in the form of one of the household Infantry. Now we do believe that this habit of "going round the corner" is confined to our handmaids, and that it does not as yet extend to young ladies, or governesses, in spite of the unaccountable love of botany which some possess, and which requires them to take long solitary walks in Kensington Gardens. But though we are confident of the past, we tremble for the future. When the Militia is called out, will young ladies be more sensible than servant-maids? Will they be able to resist the splendid uniform, shako, and rifle of peculiar make advertised by Mr. Nicolls? Oh! Mr. Nicolls, you have much to answer for! Now, without accusing any particular one of our fair readers of being capable of meeting a gay and Nicollised Militiaman, we accuse them all—we know the effect that will be produced by the uniform aforesaid, and the rifle of a peculiar make, and knowing this—being fully aware it cannot be avoided—we advise them never to wear Leghorn bonnets when they go to meet the gay deceivers; for if they choose to visit the Adelphi Theatre, or read this article to its conclusion—both great treats in their way—they will find that a lady who was weak enough to give a rendezvous to a military gentleman—not a militiaman though, but a real, terrific, warlike officer, personified by Mr. Worrell—and was also careless enough to leave her Leghorn bonnet hanging on the branch of a tree, while she herself was hanging on the arm of the officer aforementioned, had her bonnet devoured by a horse belonging to a gentleman about to be married. The lady is in an awful state. She cannot meet her husband again, for—oh, that I must say so, she is married—until she has got a Leghorn bonnet like the one that has been devoured. The officer, like an officer, insists that the gentleman, who is about to be married, shall find one, and sends him on the search, while he and the lady occupy his apartments. The gentleman runs about, rushes, in the first place, to a fashionable *Magazin de Modes*, and is horrified to recognise in the fair mistress of the establishment a former flame of his. Of course, he does not get the bonnet: all he does get is a little abuse. He now directs his steps to the house of a lady who is said to possess such a bonnet as he desires. She is not at home, but he introduces himself to the husband, who, in the course of the scene, discovers that the bonnet that had been eaten belonged to his own wife. He vows vengeance, and the gentleman who is about to be married, etc., is nearly driven to distraction by the various parties annoying him on all sides, and, more especially, by a large father-in-law, at the head of a number of country cousins, who have followed him all through the piece, making the most atrocious blunders without having the least idea what they are about. At last, however, a bonnet, that answers the purpose exactly, is discovered by accident, and the affair is concluded to the satisfaction of all parties.

We would strongly advise all young ladies to go and see the *Leghorn Bonnet*, at the Adelphi, for it will convey a most useful lesson to them in a very funny shape, as a tender mother gives her child medicine enveloped in a spoonful of jam. Messrs. Wright and Bedford are exceedingly comical, and Mr. Emery excessively good. Their efforts are rewarded with shouts of laughter, and will, we are sure, render the *Leghorn Bonnet* (Adelphi pattern) very popular.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—There is no truth in the report that this incomparable artist is engaged for the Royal Italian Opera. The report of M. Perrot's engagement is equally unfounded.

Provincial.

GAINSBOROUGH AND BRIGG.—The announcement of a Concert by the Messrs. Selby, in each of these towns, on the 13th and 14th instant, excited considerable interest amongst the musical public resident in the neighbourhood. The attendance at both places was very large, and most of the nobility and gentry of the district were present, including, Sir Charles and Lady Anderson, Sir F. and Lady Nelthorpe, H. B. Hickman, Esq., (Lord of the Manor), &c., &c. The performers engaged, though with the exception of Mr. Nicholson, entirely local, by their united efforts, provided a very intellectual and pleasing evening's entertainment. Amongst the pieces most deserving of notice, were Miss Hartshorn's song, "Dream of joy," and "Trab, Trab." This young lady possesses a very agreeable soprano voice, and evinces much taste, which a few years hard study under a good preceptor would do much to improve. The vocal efforts of the Messrs. Selby were deservedly applauded, as also were the violin and the violoncello solos of Mr. T. L. Selby, who, throughout the whole of the evening, displayed the versatility of his talent. Mr. John Farmer performed a new arrangement of his own upon the theme, *Le Carnaval de Venice*, which reflected the greatest credit on his abilities, both as a pianist and composer. Perhaps, however, the greatest treat of the evening was Mr. Nicholson's flute solo, introducing the Scotch airs, "Auld Robin Grey," and "There is nae luck." This was rapturously encored, for which he substituted Drouet's variations to the national air, "Rule Britannia." Selections from Mercadante, Rossini, and Meyerbeer's "*Robert le Diable*," were included in the programme, which terminated most loyally with "God save the Queen."—*From a Correspondent.*

READING.—THE MADRIGAL CONCERTS.—The second series of entertainments given in this town, by the popular members of this delightful union, took place on Wednesday week last: the morning concert commenced at two o'clock. The selection, whilst abounding with many beauties, was not quite so happy as that on the former visit. Of the genuine madrigals there were two, "Flora gave me fairest flowers" and "O, by rivers," and they were delightfully sung. Horsley's glee, "When the wind blows," was also a striking beauty, and Bishop's "Under the greenwood tree." Of the solos, Mr. Locket's air of "Eulalie" was a most finished and admirable performance, as also Miss M. Williams's song of the "Lovely Bird," a composition by Miss Hannah Binfield, of great merit, pure taste, and beautifully adapted for the vocalist, who did it every justice: this piece was received with great and general applause. Mrs. Endersohn's cavatina of "The Golden Sun" was a specimen of that lady's power, sweetness, and execution. The remaining pieces were admirably given, and the concert may be fairly described as an entertainment of a very superior character. Of the new features introduced in instrumental performance, we have to observe that the solo on the piano, by Miss Susan Havell, displayed that young lady's power and talent in a very eminent degree; that she possesses rapidity of execution, and enters fully into the character of the composition is evident, and the velocity of her passages, and clearness in fingering, are equally undeniable; she is an accomplished pianiste; but we should prefer, in displays of this kind, more subject and less ornament, although the taste of the present day is decidedly against us; to the scientific in music, we doubt not, the performance of these "difficulties" is a great treat, and in the hands of such a performer it will not bear disputing. On Wednesday evening the New Hall displayed a more crowded appearance than has been witnessed there for a considerable period. Both galleries were crammed, in addition to the great mass in the body of the Hall, and several parties were unable to obtain admission. The first part comprised glees, and one madrigal by Wilbye; but the most pleasing was Stevens's glee of "Ye spotted snakes," which received an encore. The second part opened with a solo on the piano, by Miss Susan Havell, a composition by Dreyshock, in which this young lady elicited a general encore; another movement was introduced testing the power of the performer in expression and taste. In this part three songs were encored: one, "Delia," by Mr. Francis; "I attempt from love's sickness,"—Mr. Locket; and Miss M. Williams's song, "The Self-banished." These solos were admirably sung, great sweetness

and feeling being introduced in each. The third part comprised the chief beauties of the programme; "When winds breathe soft," Webb; "Blow, gentle gales," "Where the bee sucks," and "Down in a flowery vale," madrigal. The glees "Blow, gentle gales," appeared to be the favourite of the evening, and so beautiful is the combination of the vocal powers of these artistes in this composition, that it probably was never sung with such effect since its first composition. Mr Phillips was in fine voice, but his recitative and air, from Purcell, was not the composition to bring his full powers into exercise. The concert passed off with great effect on the whole, and the company, comprising a great proportion of the country families, appeared to have been highly gratified.—*Reading Mercury.*

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Saunders's long announced Grand Concert came off with great eclat on Monday evening last, Feb. 16th, when, I am happy to say, the Music Hall was completely filled with the *élite* and fashion of the town and neighbourhood. Seldom has it been my good fortune to listen to a more satisfactory concert. The artists were Miss Bassano, Miss Cicely Nott, Miss Ellen Day, Herr Reichart, Signor Sivioli, and Signor Bottesini. Such a list of names could not fail to draw a crowded room or to give unbounded satisfaction to even the most critical. Mr. Saunders is a fortunate caterer—when he cannot get the mighty maestro, Jullien himself, he obtains a party selected by that master of the baton, and thus commands success. Miss Cicely Nott has a pure and strong soprano voice of excellent quality and great compass, and her style of singing, for so young a vocalist, displays great judgment and taste; her rendering of "*Stanza di più*," of Mercadante, was a marvel of execution, and called down a well deserved encore. The very pretty song by Roch Albert, "The Echo of Lucerne," was, however, the gem of the evening, as far as vocal music was concerned, and was sung by Miss Nott with great effect. Why what a "*Briserius*" is Julien; I could bet to any amount that Roch Albert is Julien. Miss Bassano was justly encored in the pretty ballad by Barker, "Heed not those idle tales;" in Beethoven's "In questo tomba," she was equally effective and called down continued applause. Miss Ellen Day is a pianist of much force. Her execution is excellent, and her style and taste unexceptionable. The only piece she played, on airs from *Don Giovanni*, was encored. Herr Reichart is a "tenore robusto," as I think you call such powerful tenors in London. His style is animated and his taste good; and I doubt if we have ever heard a German tenor more to our liking. He was warmly applauded and received three encores. Signor Sivioli, in "*La Meloncolie*" and "*The Carnival di Cuba*," astonished even those who had before heard him, such elasticity of finger and exquisite taste did he display; decidedly this great pupil of Paganini is one of the greatest of that famous maestro's successors, and we certainly never heard him play with more *abandon* and force than on Monday evening. Signor Bottesini truly astonished the natives. The contra basso players who had crowded to the Musical Hall, filled with the most mighty expectations, appeared to be put quite beside themselves by the wonders of this magician's playing; his musical *coup d'état* astonished all the connoisseurs, as greatly as did Napoleon's the wisacres of Paris. Truly his playing is wondrous; such harmonies we never heard before; such clear and rapid execution of passages, difficult even to the violinist, not even had we imagined in our wildest dreams. His solo from *La Sonnambula* was perfect witchery, and the duet with Sivioli almost appeared a work of magic. Long may both artists live to delight the lovers of music and to spread the refined and moral feelings such perfection in the art naturally creates.—(From a Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL.—MR. E. W. THOMAS'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The third took place on Wednesday evening week, and was well attended. It commenced with Haydn's quartet, No. 76, in D minor, led by Mr. C. A. Seymour, supported by Messrs. Thomas, Baetens, and Lidel. The chamber trio by Sterndale Bennett followed. Mr. Brinley Richards made his appearance at the piano, with Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Lidel. The *serenade andante ma Scherzando*, very difficult, was encored, on account of the skill with which those difficulties were overcome. The finale, *allegro fermate* was highly agreeable. The first

part was concluded, by special desire, by a selection from the posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn, op. 81, *andante sostenuto*, E major, a beautiful movement full of feeling and pathos. It was followed by a brilliant *scherzo allegro leggiero*, in A minor, most brilliantly played by Messrs. Thomas, Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel. The second part commenced with the sonata in F, op. 23, for pianoforte and violin, by Beethoven, played by Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. E. W. Thomas. In this and the pianoforte solo which followed, Mr. Brinley Richards was quite at home. A *Scherzo con moto* in A major, by Mendelssohn, followed. A romance of Mr. Brinley Richards' own composition, which was encored, was very pretty. The spring song of Mendelssohn in D major, which was admirably played, was also encored. The concert was brilliantly concluded by a quartet in E flat, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; the second movement of which was encored, and the whole would have been called for again but that it was the end of the evening. The Liverpool public profess to be great admirers of Mendelssohn's music, and we can only account for their not crowding to these concerts where they have an opportunity of hearing his finest works rendered, as they have never been heard here before, by the belief that they are not aware of the treat they are losing by their absence. We recommend all who call themselves lovers of music to attend the last concert on Wednesday the 18th instant, when the pianoforte will be taken by Hallé, who, with Messrs. Thomas, Baetens, and Lidel, have been received with enthusiasm in Dublin during last week.—*Liverpool Mail.*

BRENTFORD.—A selection of music was given here, on Tuesday semnight, at the Town Hall, for the benefit of Mr. George Case. The vocalists were Miss Poole, Miss Messent, and Mr. Farquharson Smith. The *beneficiaire*, assisted by a lady and gentleman of his own family, interpreted the instrumental pieces. The overture to *Tancrède*, on six concertinas had, at least, the merit of novelty. Mr. Farquharson Smith displayed his versatility in a descriptive scena, "The Desert," and in a comic song, in both of which he was encored. Miss Poole and Miss Messent were the popularities of the evening. The former lady was called on for a repetition of Walter Maynard's "Go, Bird of Summer," and was encored also in a new song, "Late Hours," written, as the programme informed us, "expressly for her" by Mr. C. W. Glover. Although the honours were, in this case, pretty equally divided between the vocalist and the author, there is many a piece of inspiration that would fall still-born from the pen that indites it, but for the quickening breath of the syren who delivers it; and who, in return for thus securing a handsome sum of money to the author and publisher, must be contented with the more honourable but less substantial, satisfaction of an addition to her fame. Miss Messent was encored in Mr. Baker's song, "I've a Heart to Exchange," a graceful bagatelle, which owes to this lady its place on the pianofortes of amateur vocalists. New songs are "*Notes of Hand*," drawn by the author on the public, and indorsed by the syren whose voice in the concert room, and name on the title page, give them currency. Miss Messent was also much applauded in an Irish melody, "They won't let me go," which she sang with her usual *naïveté*. These concerts are, we understand, to be serial and locomotive. We would recommend a more moderate use in future of the concertina; seven pieces by this instrument being quite enough to induce tedium in the most willing and attentive audience. We must not omit the pianoforte playing of Miss Case, whose nimble digitals are guided by knowledge and taste. The concert was very well attended.

BATH.—Miss Ley was engaged for the concert on Saturday last at the Pump Room, and delighted her friends and pupils, as well as a general audience, with her vocal powers. In a variety of compositions—some from the Italian classicities, others from the repertory of English ballad—Miss Ley's rich and powerful voice was heard to great advantage, while her executions of the different airs bore testimony to the scientific cultivation of that organ. The band contributed its usual quota to the attractions of the concert; and sundry arrangements of operatic music by the leader, introducing solos for various instruments, were listened to with pleasure, and received general applause.

CLIFTON.—Feb. 4, 1852.—Mr. H. C. Cooper, the talented

volinist, who since Christmas last has been sojourning in this locality, gave his annual concert on Monday evening, the 2nd inst., at the Victoria Rooms, under distinguished patronage. As the concerts of Mr. Cooper always include selections from the works of the most celebrated composers, executed by artistes of the highest eminence, they are invariably well attended, and as the concert announced for the 2nd instant was expected to equal, if not exceed, in interest any he had previously given, a general desire to be present prevailed, and long before the evening of performance every seat was engaged, and every ticket disposed of. The programme, which was classical in the strictest sense of the word, comprised the following *morceaux*:—Haydn's quartet in C major (No. 77); Mozart's quartet in G major, dedicated to Haydn; Spohr's sonata in A flat (piano solo), dedicated to Mendelssohn, capably performed by M. Esain; Beethoven's quartet in D major, No. 3 of the set, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky (op. 18); and Beethoven's grand quintetto in E flat major for two violins, two violas, and violoncello. When it is stated that the performers who appeared on the occasion were M. Esain, P. Sainton, H. C. Cooper, H. Hill, and C. Lucas, it is scarcely necessary to say the *ensemble* was perfect. The several pieces were rendered with all the appliances of the art, and were received with enthusiasm by an audience which crowded the room to excess. The quartets were alternately led by M. Sainton and Mr. Cooper.—*(From a Correspondent.)*

Poetry.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

By WILLIAM GRILLIERS.

One winter's night, 'twas dark and cold,
A tiny Bird sat shivering
Upon the bough of an oak so old,
That the boisterous wind was crumbling.
Oh! loud it was, and the little bird,
Was rock'd from right to left,
But what car'd it for the sullen blast,
Of it's mate it was bereft.

Despair was in its throbbing breast,
It felt itself alone;
The one it had so oft caress'd,
For ever, ever gone.
A blast more fierce than all the rest
Pass'd o'er its tiny head,
Upon the hard and frozen ground
The little Bird lay DEAD.

Oh! may I thus be swept away,
When kindness, friends depart,
When in the world I cannot say,
I own one loving heart;
Without a smile to cheer the way,
How oft' so full of care,
Yes, may I share this lone Bird's fate
Such is my humble pray'r.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

By J. R. LING.

Need I say I love?
Canst thou fail to see,
In every look, in every tone,
The constant thought of thee alone;
Which better far than words can prove,
How dear thou art to me.

Need I say I love?

What can words imply,
Like to the restless misery,
Which fills my soul if thou'rt not nigh;
And which thy presence can remove,
As sunlight gilds the sky.

Need I say I love?

To thy slightest glance,
My heart responds with eager thrill,
Each pulse beats high, and sweet hopes fill
My breast with dreams of joy; above
All that to mortals chance.

Need I say I love?

Whilst my sighs reveal
The burning passion which enchants,
My every hour. Oh, language wants
The power these signs possess, to prove
The ardent love I feel.

Miscellaneous.

MR. NEATE'S SOIREEs.—Mr. Neate has commenced a series of six *soirees* for the performance of the instrumental quartetts and pianoforte compositions of the great masters. The first took place on Wednesday evening, at the new Beethoven Rooms, in Queen Anne-street; and, as might be expected, from his high character and reputation as an artist, it was attended by a large and fashionable assemblage, among whom we observed many distinguished musicians and dilettanti. Serial concerts, consisting of chamber music of a refined and classical description, are getting more and more into vogue. They are more numerous this year than in any former season, and are superseding those farragos of vulgar and common-place music, the "benefit concert." The change is much for the better, as it not only argues a great improvement in the public taste, but tends to improve it still further. Mr. Neate's concert was of a character severely classical. The programme was composed of three stringed-instrument quartetts of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; a sonata of Beethoven for the pianoforte solo, performed by Mr. Neate, and Weber's pianoforte quartett in B flat, his sole composition of this class. The stringed-instrument quartetts were played by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti; Mr. Sainton and Mr. Cooper taking the first and second violin alternately. More finished quartett-playing we have seldom heard, nor did we ever hear music of this description more warmly applauded. Haydn's was the famous quartett, dear to every amateur, which contains the delicious arrangement of the Austrian hymn, "God save the Emperor," the beautiful melody being taken up in turn by each of the four instruments and accompanied by the others with the richest and most delicate harmony. Mozart's was the one in G major, dedicated to Haydn, and remarkable for the pre-eminent beauty of its *Andante*, and for the final fugato movement, which shows the use which genius can make of the scholastic forms of counterpoint even in music, of the utmost lightness and brilliancy. Beethoven's was one of his earliest works, full of grace and freshness. The sonata performed by Mr. Neate was Beethoven's Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, a work written when the composer was in his zenith—when his powers had arrived at maturity, and when he had not fallen into the eccentricities of his later years. It is a wonderful combination of passionate expression, brilliancy, and massive grandeur; and all its various beauties were fully displayed by Mr. Neate's masterly performance. Weber's quartett, played by Mr. Neate, with Messrs. Sainton, Hill, and Piatti, was also very interesting from its characteristic originality of style, and the admirable clearness and spirit with which it was executed. We expected that Mr. Neate would have produced one of his own compositions, which, doubtless, his modesty prevented him from doing. But, if so, the feeling was misplaced; for we are acquainted with some of his works—particularly his trios for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—which are entitled to a place among the best music of the day.

KALOZDY'S HUNGARIAN BAND.—We understand the Hungarian Musical Company are at length engaged by a *dilettante*, who is determined to bring them before the public, regardless of expense. He will, *on dit*, be assisted in the management by an already well known enterprising party, but who is new to the musical circles.

NEW ORATORIO.—We understand our talented fellow townsman, Dr. Dearle, is busily engaged in the composition of an oratorio on the subject of "Israel in the Wilderness."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

MRS. EDWIN FORREST.—The *Herald* announces that Mrs. Forrest is going upon the stage, and that she will make her debut as Mrs. Catharine Sinclair, having dropped the name of Forrest, which she got rid of by the result of the late trial. This step has been taken, according to the *Herald*, in opposition to the advice of her most considerate friends. [The debut of Mrs. Forrest had taken place without any rioting, but there was considerable opposition.—Ed. M. W.]

LOUIS RAKEMAN, the talented pianist, has arrived in London for the season.

MESSRS. SAINTON, COOPER, HILL, and PIATTI have announced a series of quartet concerts.

DRURY LANE.—A new opera, by Balfe, is announced in the bills, and will be shortly produced.

M. ELIE KURLAENDER, the pianist and composer, died lately at Prague, in the hundredth year of his age. He was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, and passed the greater portion of his life at Berlin. M. Elie Kurlaender was one of the first masters of Meyerbeer.

M. ROMMI, the popular baritone of the Royal Italian Opera, has returned to London.

MRS. ROBERT CARTWRIGHT had a *Soiree Musicale* at her residence at Craven Hill, at which a number of distinguished amateurs sang in a highly effective manner, two charming choruses, composed by the fair hostess, Cooke's glee. "A Knight there came," and Mendelssohn's lovely "Morgengebet."—The instrumental part was also interesting, and consisted of the March from *Athalie* (*a quatre mains*), some pieces by St. Heller, elegantly given by Mrs. Cartwright, and a Sonata of Beethoven's, for piano and violin, finely rendered by Messrs. Aguilar and Jansa. Mr. Aguilar officiated as conductor.

MR. HULLAH'S MONTHLY CONCERTS.—At the second, which took place at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday night, Beethoven's Mass, in C, The Choral Fantasia (Pianoforte, Mr. George Russell, pupil of Sterndale Bennett), and the Overture and selection from the second act of *Oberon*, were performed. Vocalists, Mrs. Weiss, Misses Amelia Byers, Alleyne, Gibb, and Kent, Messrs. Swift, and Walworth. Chorus consisted, as usual, of Mr. Hullah's upper singing school. The room better attended.—(From an occasional Contributor.)

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.—The widow of this illustrious composer having expressed a desire to present the original manuscript scores of the operas of *Euryanthe*, *Der Freischütz*, *Oberon*, to the reigning sovereigns of the countries in which they were performed, the Emperor of Austria, in whose possession they were, immediately caused them to be forwarded to her. Madam Weber intends, therefore, offering *Euryanthe* to the King of Saxony; *Der Freischütz* to the King of Prussia; and *Oberon* to the Queen of England.—*Gazette Musicale*.

JEAN SEDLATZKE, the celebrated flutist, died lately in Germany, aged 75. He was for many years attached to the private band of the Prince Esterhazy.

Advertisements.

KALOZDY'S LETTER TO HENRY DISTIN.

"DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Hungarian National Music, published by you, and performed by my Hungarian orchestra, viz., polkas, marches, quadrilles, waltzes, mazurkas, &c., are the only genuine copies published, being exactly as I have arranged them for, and as performed by, my Hungarian Band."

The Bohemian Pessant Polka, 2s. 6d., Mazurka Heroique, 2s. 6d., as performed by Kalozy's Hungarian Orchestra, and arranged for Pianoforte and Cornet. Illustrated with full-length portraits of the performers, post free from the Publisher, Henry Distin, 31, Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, London.

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MR. SCIPION ROUSSELOT has the honour to announce that his SIX PERFORMANCES will be resumed on the alternate Wednesdays from March the 24th, and that in order to prevent the confusion which occurred from the crowded state of the rooms at the last concert of last season, the Subscribers will have reserved places. Parties wishing to have the front seats are requested to make early application. Admission, transferable, Two Guineas; Professional Subscription, not transferable, One Guinea. To be had of Messrs. Rousselot and Co., 66, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

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CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—**MONDAY NEXT, 23rd FEB.,** and **FRIDAY, 5th MARCH**, Handel's SAMSON, with additional accompaniments by Mr. Costa. Vocalists—Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Lawler. The orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; Reserved, 5s.; Central Area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter Hall.

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